

The Western Schism's Beginning

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"The Protestant Churches are but of yesterday, without the authority the truth or the ministries that can reconcile man to God; they are only a multitude of warring sects, whose confused voices but protest their own insufficiency; whose impotence almost atones for their own sin of schism by the way it sets off the might, the majesty and the unity of Rome. In contrast, the Catholic Church stands where her Master placed her, on the Rock, endowed with the prerogatives and powers He gave her. 'And against her the gates of hell shall not prevail.'" (Professor A. M. Fairbairn's "Catholicism, Roman and Anglican," page 152.) Strange to say, the foregoing are the words of a Protestant. And yet, why strange, even from such a source, since, straightforward and honest in what they admit, they are still inadequate as an expression of a fact unparalleled in history? For if the gates of hell have not prevailed against the unity and perpetuity of the One, Roman, Catholic and Apostolic Church of Christ, no explanation other than the most manifest interposition of Divine omnipotence can possibly be assigned, even by prejudice itself, once the fact, with its real historical background, has been taken in by the imagination and weighed ever so superficially in the balance of reason.

In the long succession of trials to which the Church has been submitted, the one that put the perpetuity of the Church's unity to the severest test is known as the Great Schism of the West. To describe its history and picture the countless evils that afflicted Christendom during those forty years when, as St. Catherine of Siena said, "The depths of calamity overwhelmed the Church," is not the purpose of this paper. Ours shall be to study this disastrous event in its origin only: to show how it began and yet need not have happened at all, and to point out the manner in which doubt, perplexity and

confusion gradually took hold of the minds of men so that even canonized saints were to be found on either side ardently defending the claims of rival popes.

THE CHURCH'S SITUATION CRITICAL.

When Gregory XI died, March 27, 1378, severe struggles were to be expected, for the situation of the Church was critical. The Roman populace was restless with the fear lest the Papacy should again remove to Avignon, whence it had but lately returned after its exile of seventy-five years. In the conclave about to be held, the choice that would result from the election was to settle the question whether or not the injurious predominance of French influence in the management of the affairs of the Church should continue. The need for far-reaching ecclesiastical reform was growing daily more urgent. Instead of strong, disinterested men of large and generous views, men of the type of St. Bernard or of Hildebrand, Divine Providence had entrusted the shaping of those destinies to the hands of a number of petty schemers, neither notable for goodness nor yet bad, who were not ignorant, nor yet learned enough to realize their own limitations. Some of whom were weak enough not to know their own mind, yet sufficiently strong to follow an interested and selfish course, once they had deceived their consciences into the belief that it could be justified, the very sort of men, in short, who through intellectual and moral lethargy, are the death of every cause and the ruin of any nation so fated as to be committed to their guidance in a great crisis.

Gregory XI seems to have had a presentiment of the troubles that might arise out of such conditions; for shortly before his death he made arrangements to ensure as far as possible the speedy and unanimous election of a successor. During the ten days that ensued before the closing of the conclave, ample opportunity was had to judge the disposition of the populace. Large numbers of peasants and mountaineers from the surrounding districts had gathered within the city, and were seen mingling with the crowds as these collected at the sight of any of the Cardinals, and with insistent shouts urged that a Roman, or at least an Italian, be elected. The nobility

of the city had even been ordered by the municipal authorities to leave for the period during which the conclave was to be held. That no real cause for fear was apprehended, however, is shown from the fact that none of the *condottieri* were called in with their mercenary troops to protect the conclave, as might easily have been done had the Cardinals been seriously persuaded that their liberty of election was to be interfered with.

A HASTY ELECTION NECESSARY.

As regards the body of Cardinals, sixteen of whom were then assembled in Rome, it became more and more evident to themselves that the three parties into which they were divided would render the election of any one from among their own ranks an impossibility. There is evidence even that, owing to the prospect offered by such a division, the name of the Archbishop of Bari, Bartolomeo Prignano, had already been mentioned among them as a likely choice before the conclave had so much as begun. The one salient and really important fact, however, is that after the closing in of the conclave, and at the moment when the Cardinals were on the point of electing a new Pope, a tumult arose without. The choice which they would very probably have made of their own definite free-will, was in a certain measure dictated to them by a demand for haste. Amidst all the shouting, however, that had taken place, the name of Bartolomeo Prignano, on whom the Cardinals decided, had not occurred once. No names, in fact, were mentioned. An Italian or a Roman was the sole burden of the insistent request, and this wish on the part of the populace was certainly, apart from the manner in which it was expressed, both reasonable, and of its very nature bound to have weighed heavily in the scale, even had the election taken place under the most favorable circumstances. As it was, besides the four Italian Cardinals, there were many other worthy Italian Bishops from among whom a choice might easily have been made. Bartolomeo Prignano was not one of the popular figures, for though admittedly the worthiest and most capable among the Italian prelates, he was scarcely known to the Roman people. He had lived a long while at Avignon, and the

Ultramontanes, that is, the French and Limousin factions among the Cardinals, looked upon him almost as one of themselves. The reputation which he enjoyed for eloquence, humility and prudence furnished no grounds whatsoever for suspecting the harshness and arbitrary manner he afterwards displayed: a point which even his bitterest adversaries later all but unanimously admitted. Thus, whatever arguments may be urged from the haste with which the election was made, in their final choice, however, the Cardinals cannot be said to have been following any other preference save their own.

For the thousand and one details and bits of evidence by which this question of the election is complicated, recourse should be had to the works of M. Noel Valois, who has as a result of his supereminent scholarship, so strengthened the probability in favor of the validity of the election of Bartolomeo Prignano, or of Urban VI as we may now call him, that Father Sydney Smith is without any doubt in the matter.

CHARACTER OF URBAN VI.

Of greater importance, perhaps, as furnishing easier ground for judgment, are the events that took place after the election itself was over, and after the crowds had broken in upon the conclave at the moment when it was about to make its decision known. In the words of Ludwig Pastor:

As soon as tranquillity was restored, Prignano's election was announced to the people, and was followed by his coronation. All the Cardinals then present in Rome took part in the ceremony, and thereby publicly acknowledged Urban VI as the rightful Pope. They assisted him in his ecclesiastical functions, and asked him for spiritual favors. They announced his election and coronation to the Emperor and to Christendom in general by letters signed with their own hands, and homage was universally rendered to the new Head of the Church. No member of the Sacred College thought of calling the election in question; on the contrary, in official documents as well as in private conversations they all maintained its undoubted validity.

But the disastrous happened. That Urban VI was a good man no one can doubt. It is to his honor, moreover, that he at once attempted a reform beginning in

the highest circles, where the need was most urgent. But it was his grave misfortune to be able to see nothing but the principles for which he was contending. He lacked the charitable and half-humorous patience with human nature that would have induced him to consider each particular problem as it presented itself, on its own merits. Thus his already unstable position was soon rendered most precarious. To quote Pastor again:

The very next day after his coronation, he gave offence to many bishops and prelates who were sojourning in Rome, some of them for business and some without any such reason. When after Vespers they paid him their respects in the great Chapel of the Vatican, he called them "perjurers," because they had left their Churches. A fortnight later, preaching in open consistory, he condemned the morals of the Cardinals and prelates in such harsh and unmeasured terms that all were deeply wounded. Nor did the Pope rest satisfied with words. His great desire was to eradicate simony He publicly declared that he would not suffer anything savoring of simony, nor would he grant audience to any one suspected of this sin. He certainly did not take the best way of reforming the worldly-minded Cardinals, when, in the consistory, he sharply bade one of them be silent, and called out to the others, "Cease your foolish chattering!"

This lasted several months. Meanwhile, opposition to Urban had already begun. Evidence goes to show that it started with Peter Rostaing, a French knight in command at the Castle of St. Angelo. Writing to the Cardinals still at Avignon, Rostaing requested to know whether the citadel was to be handed over to Urban, and at the same time notified them that it was his belief that the election had been forced, and was therefore null. The answer of these Cardinals, however, who had already been in communication with their fellow-Cardinals in Rome, was immediate and favorable to the new Pope. Among those who had arrived in Rome since the election, and whom it had been Urban's misfortune to have slighted, was the Cardinal of Amiens, John de la Grange. As Grand Councillor at the court of Charles V of France, he had acquired great influence, and was, besides, a man of few scruples and a clever diplomat. His dwelling across the Tiber soon became the rendezvous of all the disaffected, and together with Robert, Cardinal of Geneva,

who ere long was to be elected as Antipope and assume the title of Clement VII, he urged Peter Rostaing to resistance. As summer drew nigh the French Cardinals, ostensibly out of concern for their health, one by one begged permission to retire from Rome during the hot and unhealthy season. As they gradually foregathered at Anagni, it was not long before it became an open secret in Rome that they were resolved to revolt; and on the 20 of September an astonished world was informed that a new Pope had been chosen. Thus the great schism that was to rend Christendom for forty long years had begun.

ST. CATHERINE OF SIENA.

As one passes in review the many and various characters of popes, cardinals, kings, princes and others, who played a part in this sad tragedy, one stands out in full manly stature, that of a woman and a great servant of God, St. Catherine of Siena. Her letter to the Cardinals after they had announced the schism, is a valuable and important document. It clearly presents the soundness of Urban's claim. She wrote:

Alas! to what have you come, since you did not act up to your high dignity! . . . You made truth known to us, and now you offer us lies. You would have us believe that you elected Pope Urban through fear; he who says this, lies. You may say, "Why do you not believe us? We, the electors, know the truth better than you do." But I answer that you yourselves have shown me how you deal with truth. If I look at your lives, I look in vain for the virtue and holiness, which might deter you, for conscience's sake, from falsehood. What is it that proves to me the validity of the election of Messer Bartolomeo, Archbishop of Bari, and now in truth Pope Urban VI? The evidence was furnished by the solemn function of his coronation, by the homage which you have rendered him, by the favors which you have asked and received from him. You have nothing but lies to oppose to the truth, O ye fools, a thousand times worthy of death! In your blindness you perceive not your own shame. If what you say were as true as it is false, must you not have lied when you announced that Urban VI was the lawful Pope? Must you not have been guilty of simony in asking and receiving favors from one whose position you now deny?

These words of a great saint, who was in no way blind to the failings of Urban's character, contain a solid and

conclusive argument. This same argument was used, moreover, by the Emperor Charles VI to confound the Cardinals when the latter attempted to win him over to the side of Clement VII. No sooner did news reach him of what had occurred at Anagni, than he merely presented them with the wording of their own letters, by which they had announced to him Urban's election, and had given positive evidence of their full recognition of Urban's clear title. The real difficulty for us, therefore, who possess the evidence, is to explain how it was that in spite of the declarations of the most eminent canonists and statesmen of the day, who consistently maintained the validity of Urban's election, the claim made by the partisans of Clement VII should have yet gained such a hold upon the minds of men as to prolong the schism for the period of almost half a century.

THE COMPLEXITY OF THE ISSUES.

To begin with it must be remembered that, unlike any previous schism, this one had been effected in a manner entirely unprecedented. The same Cardinals who had elected the Pope, and who on first thought might naturally be assumed to be the surest witnesses in the case, were the very ones to elect the Antipope. It must be remembered, moreover, that knowledge which we possess now was not easily accessible then; and the fact that the electors of Urban had had no doubt concerning the validity of their first decision until after they had gathered at Anagni, was generally known. The real issues in the matter were just sufficiently confused to allow motives alien to the Church's true interest to enter in, and under the easy pretence of settling an arduous legal point, vitiate the judgment of any who might be tempted to seize the advantages thus presented by the situation for the furtherance of ambitious aims. That it offered nothing more than a temptation is shown from the way in which Count Louis III of Flanders, acting in opposition to his strongest political interests, declared the Cardinal of Geneva, who had previously notified him of Urban's accession, to be a usurper. It was not thus, however, that the King of France or his brother, Louis of Anjou, took

up the question. Charles V was loth to lose the ascendancy which the Papal residence at Avignon had added to the French crown; and Louis of Anjou had fixed his mind on carving out a separate kingdom for himself. Both saw their chance. Yet while Louis, who at first had recognized Urban's title, declared himself in favor of the Antipope, the moment news reached him of Clement's election, Charles, more cautious and somewhat more disinterested, hesitated for a time. It was his misfortune to have been falsely informed and rendered suspicious of Urban from the start. Confidential messages had arrived from John de la Grange, Cardinal of Amiens, who, as we have seen, was the chief instigator of the revolt of the Cardinals. Added to this, one of the two ambassadors accredited by Urban to the French Court happened to be a Frenchman and a close relative of one of the leading Cardinals in secession. This man, Peter de Mules, betrayed the cause he had been sent to represent, and thus when the Minorite Friar John de Guignicourt finally arrived from Anagni with letters of credence testifying to his having been sent by the same Cardinals who had taken part in the first election, Charles, who asked for nothing better, accepted the judgment of the latter, and taking up the cause of Clement, set aside the claims of Urban, practically without having given them a hearing.

SPREAD OF THE SCHISM.

Strengthened thus by political support, the schism soon spread, and Christendom for the first time in centuries since its union had been really effected, became divided against itself. Scotland followed her French ally, as did Spain some time later. England, owing in large measure to her enmity towards France, declared for Urban and refused to allow any Clementine Cardinal to cross the Channel. All the northern countries and the whole of Italy, with the exception of the Kingdom of Naples, submitted to the obedience of Urban; and in Naples even, where Queen Joanna was nursing her spite against the Pope at Rome, the Clementine pretensions were recognized only for the short period during which the Queen was

able to bend her subjects to her will. Thus, as Döllinger remarks: "From France the evil proceeded, and France was the chief, and in fact essentially the only support of the schism; for other nations were involved in it merely by their connection with her." Of the two, Louis of Anjou was far more zealous in his support of Clement than was Charles; and it was not long ere both Duke and Antipope were hard at work bartering with one another at the expense of the Church, both active in pursuance of their mutual ambitions. But on the other hand, Charles' share in the schism was both more effective and more lasting in its results; for not only did he dictate to his clergy, but to the University of Paris what its opinion was to be concerning the title of the rival claimants to the Papal Chair. He thus succeeded in the end in establishing something like an intellectual support to what otherwise would have remained a mere matter of ambitious political interest.

Such then, in brief summary, was the sad beginning of one of the saddest chapters in the history of the Church. Untold evils followed. Yet, as we look back and think of what the Church went through; of the forty years of schism, the heresies of Wyclif and of Huss, of the Councils of Pisa, of Constance and of Basle, and of the danger that threatened from the Turk; when finally we think of the Reformation and the ruin that it brought, we cannot but be filled with wonder at the miracle and the glory that was Trent, when coming forth from the Council in all the vigor of new life, the Church arose, phoenix-like from the ashes of a great civilization which she had builded to her own image, but which the ambition and the greed and pettiness of princes had shattered. Stripped of the accessories of that broken civilization, and unscathed amidst its ruins, she stood again undaunted and fully prepared to face the bitter enmity of a new and alien world, in which the attempt to drive sound reason, faith in Christ and the thought of God from out its midst, had already begun.

Ireland's Address to President Wilson

THE MANSION HOUSE STATEMENT.

TO the President of the United States of America: Sir—Where, a century and a half ago, the American Colonies dared to assert the ancient principle that the subject should not be taxed without the consent of his representatives, England strove to crush them. To-day England threatens to crush the people of Ireland if they do not accept a tax, not in money but in blood, against the protest of their representatives.

During the American Revolution, the champions of your liberties appealed to the Irish Parliament against British aggression, and asked for a sympathetic judgment on their action. What the verdict was, history records. Today it is our turn to appeal to the people of America. We seek no more fitting prelude to that appeal than the terms in which your forefathers greeted ours:

"We are desirous of possessing the good opinion of the virtuous and humane. We are peculiarly desirous of furnishing you with the true state of our motives and objects, the better to enable you to judge of our conduct with accuracy, and determine the merits of the controversy with impartiality and precision."

If the Irish race had been conscriptable by England in the war against the United Colonies, is it certain that your Republic would today flourish in the enjoyment of its noble Constitution?

Since then the Irish Parliament has been destroyed, by methods described by the greatest of British statesmen as those of "blackguardism and baseness," Ireland, deprived of its protection and overborne by more than six to one in the British Lower House, and by more than a hundred to one in the Upper House, is summoned by England to submit to a hitherto unheard of decree against her liberties.

In the fourth year of a war ostensibly begun for the defense of small nations, a law conscribing the manhood of Ireland has been passed, in defiance of the wishes of our people. The British Parliament, which enacted

it, had long outrun its course, being in the eighth year of an existence constitutionally limited to five. To warrant the coercive statute, no recourse was had to the electorate of Britain, much less to that of Ireland. Yet the measure was forced through within a week, despite the votes of Irish representatives, and under a system of closure never applied to the debates which established conscription for Great Britain on a milder basis.

TO REPEL INVENTED CALUMNIES.

To repel the calumnies invented to becloud our action, we venture to address the successors of the belligerents who once appealed to Ireland. The feelings which inspire America deeply concern our race; so, in the forefront of our remonstrance, we feel bound to set forth that this Conscription Act involves for Irishmen questions far larger than any affecting mere internal politics. They raise a sovereign principle between a nation that has never abandoned her independent rights, and an adjacent nation that has persistently sought to strangle them.

Were Ireland to surrender that principle, she must submit to usurped power, condone the fraudulent prostration of her Parliament in 1800, and abandon all claim to distinct nationality. Deep-seated and far-reaching are the problems remorselessly aroused by the unthinking and violent courses taken at Westminster. Thus the sudden and unlooked-for departure of British politicians from their past military procedure towards this island provokes acutely the fundamental issue of self-determination. That issue will decide whether our whole economic, social, and political life must lie at the uncontrolled disposition of another race whose title to legislate for us rests on force and fraud alone.

Ireland is a nation more ancient than England, and is one of the oldest in Christendom. Its geographical boundaries are clearly defined. It cherishes its own traditions, history, language, music and culture. It throbs with a national consciousness sharpened not only by religious persecution, but by the violation of its territorial, juristic, and legislative rights. The authority of which

its invaders boasted, rests solely on an alleged Papal Bull. The symbols of attempted conquest are roofless castles, ruined abbeys, and confiscated cathedrals.

The title of the King of Ireland was first conferred on the English monarch by a statute of the Parliament held in Ireland in 1542, when only four of our counties lay under British sway. That title originated in no English enactment. Neither did the Irish Parliament so originate. Every military aid granted by that Parliament to English kings was purely voluntary. Even when the Penal Code denied representation to the majority of the Irish population, military service was never enforced against them.

For generations England claimed control over both legislative and judicial functions in Ireland, but in 1783 these pretensions were altogether renounced; and the sovereignty of the Irish Legislature was solemnly recognized. A memorable British statute declared it: "Established and ascertained forever, and shall at no time hereafter be questioned or questionable."

THANKS TO AMERICA.

For this, the spirit evoked by the successful revolt of the United States of America is to be thanked, and Ireland won no mean return for the sympathy invited by your Congress. Yet scarcely had George III. signified his royal assent to that "scrap of paper" when his ministers began to debauch the Irish Parliament. No Catholic had, for over a century, been allowed to sit within its walls; and only a handful of the population enjoyed the franchise. In 1800, by shameless bribery, a majority of corrupt Colonists was procured to embrace the London subjugation and vote away the existence of their Legislature for pensions, pelf, and titles.

The authors of the Act of Union, however, sought to soften its shackles by limiting the future jurisdiction of the British Parliament. Imposed on "a reluctant and protesting nation," it was tempered by articles guaranteeing Ireland against coarser and more obvious forms of injustice. To guard against undue taxation, "exemptions and abatements" were stipulated for; but the "pre-dominant partner" has long since dishonored that part

of the contract, and the weaker side has no power to enforce it. No military burdens were provided for, although Britain framed the terms of the treaty to her own liking. That an obligation to yield enforced service was thereby undertaken has never hitherto been asserted. We, therefore, cannot neglect to support this protest by citing a main proviso of the Treaty of Union. Before the destruction of the Irish Parliament, no standing army or navy was raised, nor was any contribution made, except by way of gift, to the British army or navy. No Irish law for the levying of drafts existed; and such a proposal was deemed unconstitutional. Hence the Eighth Article of the Treaty provides that: "All laws in force at the time of the Union shall remain as now by law established, subject only to such alterations and regulations from time to time as circumstances may appear to the Parliament of the United Kingdom to require."

A VITAL QUESTION.

Where there was no law establishing military service for Ireland, what "alteration or regulation" respecting such a law can legally bind? Can an enactment such as conscription, affecting the legal and moral rights of an entire people, be described as an "alteration" or "regulation" springing from a pre-existing law? Is the treaty to be construed as Britain pleases, and always to the prejudice of the weaker side?

British military statecraft has hitherto rigidly held by a separate tradition for Ireland. The territorial military system, created in 1907 for Great Britain, was not set up in Ireland. The Irish Militia was then actually disbanded, and the War Office insisted that no territorial force to replace it should be embodied. Stranger still, the Volunteer acts (Naval or Military) from 1804 to 1900 (some twenty in all) were never extended to Ireland. In 1880, when a Conservative House of Commons agreed to tolerate volunteering, the measure was thrown out by the House of Lords on the plea that Irishmen must not be allowed to learn the use of arms.

For, despite the Bill of Rights, the privilege of free citizens to bear arms in self-defense has been refused to us. The Constitution of America affirms that right as

appertaining to the common people, but the men of Ireland are forbidden to bear arms in their own defense. Where, then, lies the basis of the claim that they can be forced to take them up for the defense of others?

ABERCROMBY'S DISGUST.

It will suffice to present such considerations in outline, without disinterring the details of the past misgovernments of our country. Mr. Gladstone avowed that these were marked by "every horror and every shame that could disgrace the relations between a strong country and a weak one." After an orgy of martial law the Scottish General, Abercromby, Commander-in-Chief in Ireland, wrote: "Every crime, every cruelty that could be committed by Cossacks or Calmucks has been transacted here . . . The abuses of all kinds I found can scarcely be believed or enumerated." Lord Holland records that many people "were sold at so much a head to the Prussians."

We shall, therefore, pass by the story of the destruction of our manufactures, of artificial famines, of the fomentation of uprisings, of a hundred Coercion acts, culminating in the perpetual Act of Repression, obtained by forgery, which graced Queen Victoria's Jubilee Year in 1887. In our island the suspension of the Habeas Corpus act, the repression of free speech, gibbetings, shootings, and bayonetings, are commonplace events. The effects of forced emigration and famine American generosity has softened; and we do not seek a verdict on the general merits of a system which enjoys the commendation of no foreigner except Albert, Prince Consort, who declared that the Irish "were no more worthy of sympathy than the Poles."

It is known to you how our population shrank to its present fallen state. Grants of money for emigration, "especially of families," were provided even by the Land acts of 1881. Previous Poor Law acts had stimulated this "remedy." So late as 1891 a "Congested District" Board was empowered to "aid emigration," although millions of Irishmen had in the nineteenth century been evicted from their homes or driven abroad.

Seventy years ago our population stood at eight mil-

lions, and, in the normal ratio of increase, it should today amount to sixteen millions. Instead it has dwindled to four-and-a-half millions; and it is from this residuum that our manhood between the ages of eighteen and fifty-one is to be delivered up in such measure as the strategists of the English War Cabinet may demand.

Today, as in the days of George Washington, nearly half the American forces have been furnished from the descendants of our banished race. If England could not, during your Revolution, regard that enrolment with satisfaction, might she not set something now to Ireland's credit from the racial composition of your army and navy? No other small nation has been so bereft by law of her children, but in vain for Ireland has the bread of exile been thrown upon the waters. Yet while self-determination is refused, we are required by law to bleed to "make the world safe for democracy"—in every country except our own. Surely this cannot be the meaning of America's message to mankind glowing from the pen of her illustrious President?

ENGLAND NEVER GENEROUS.

In the 750 years during which a stranger sway has blighted Ireland, her people have never had occasion to welcome an unselfish or generous deed at the hands of their rulers. Every so-called "concession" was but the loosening of a fetter. Every benefit sprang from a manipulation of our own money by a foreign treasury denying us an honest audit of accounts. None was yielded as an act of grace. All were the offspring of constraint, tumult, or political necessity. Reason and argument fell on deaf ears. To England the Union has brought enhanced wealth, population, power and importance; to Ireland increased taxation, stunted industries, swollen emigration and callous officialdom.

Possessing in this land neither moral nor intellectual preeminence, nor any prestige derived from past merit or present esteem, the British Executive claims to restrain our liberties, control our fortunes, and exercise over our people the power of life and death. To obstruct the recent Home Rule bill it allowed its favorites to defy its

Parliament without punishment, to import arms from suspect regions with impunity, to threaten "to break every law" to effectuate their designs, to infect the army with mutiny, and set up a rival Executive backed by military array to enforce the rule of a caste against the vast majority of the people. The highest offices of State became the guerdon of the organizers of rebellion, boastful of aid from Germany. Today they are pillars of the Constitution, and the chief instruments of law. The only laurels lacking to the leaders of the mutineers are those transplanted from the field of battle!

Are we to fight to maintain a system so repugnant, and must Irishmen be content to remain slaves themselves after freedom for distant lands has been purchased by their blood? Heretofore in every clime, whenever the weak called for a defender, wherever the flag of liberty was unfurled, that blood freely flowed. Profiting by Irish sympathy with righteous causes, Britain, at the outbreak of the war, attracted to her armies tens of thousands of our youth, ere even the Western Hemisphere had awakened to the wail of "small nations."

Irishmen, in their chivalrous eagerness, laid themselves open to the reproach from some of their brethren of forgetting the woes of their own land which had suffered from its rulers, at one time or another, almost every inhumanity for which Germany is impeached. It was hard to bear the taunt that the army they were joining was that which held Ireland in subjection; but fresh bitterness has been added to such reproaches by what has since taken place. Nevertheless, in the face of persistent discouragements, Irish chivalry remained ardent and aflame in the first years of the war. Tens of thousands of the children of the Gael have perished in the conflict.

HAD THEY FORESEEN!

Their bones bleach upon the soil of Flanders, or moulder beneath the waves of Suvla Bay. The slopes of Gallipoli, the sands of Egypt, Mesopotamia, and Judea afford them sepulture. Mons and Ypres provide their monuments. Wherever the battle line extends, from the English Channel to the Persian Gulf, their ghostly voices

whisper a response to the roll-call of the guardian-spirits of liberty. What is their reward?

The spot on earth they loved best, the land to which they owed their first duty, and which they hoped their sacrifices might help to freedom, lies unredeemed under an age-long thralldom. So, too, would it forever lie, were every man and every youth within the shores of Ireland to immolate himself in England's service, unless the clamor of a dominant caste be rebuked and stilled.

Yet proof after proof accumulates that British Cabinets continue to be towards our country as conscienceless as ever. They deceive friendly nations throughout the world as to their Irish policy, while withholding from us even the Act of Home Rule which in 1914 was placed on the Statute Book. The recent "Convention" which they composed to initiate reform was brought to confusion by a letter from the Prime Minister diminishing his original engagements. Such insincere maneuvers have left an indelible sense of wrong rankling in the heart of Ireland.

Capitulations are observed with French Canadians, with the Maltese, with the Hindus, with Mohammedan Arabs or the African Boers; but never has the word of England, in any capital case, been kept towards the "sister" island. The Parliaments of Australia and of South Africa—both of which (unlike our ancient Legislature) were founded by British enactments—refused to adopt Conscription. This was well known when the law against Ireland was resolved on. For opposing the application of that law to Irishmen, and while this appeal to you, sir, was being penned, members of our Conference have been arrested and deported without trial. It was even sought to poison the wells of American sympathy by leveling against them and others an allegation which its authors have failed to submit to the investigation of any tribunal. To overlay malpractice by imputing to its victims perverse or criminal conduct is the stale but never-failing device of tyranny. A claim has also been put forward by the British Foreign Office to prevent you, Mr. President, as the head of a great allied Republic, from acquiring first-hand information of the reasons why Ireland has rejected, and will resist, conscription, except in so far as the

Military Governor of Ireland, Field Marshal Lord French, may be pleased to allow you to peruse his version of our opinions.

A CONFIDENT APPEAL.

America's present conflict with Germany obstructs no argument that we advance. "Liberty and ordered peace" we, too, strive for; and confidently do we look to you, sir, and to America—whose freedom Irishmen risked something to establish—to lend ear and weight to the prayer that another unprovoked wrong against the defenseless may not stain this sorry century.

We know that America entered the war because her rights as a neutral, in respect of ocean navigation, were interfered with, and only then. Yet America in her strength had a guarantee that in victory she would not be cheated of that for which she joined in the struggle. Ireland, having no such strength, has no such guarantee; and experience has taught us that justice (much less gratitude) is not to be wrung from a hostile Government. What Ireland is to give, a free Ireland must determine.

We are sadly aware, from recent proclamations and deportations, of the efforts of British authorities to inflame prejudice against our country. We therefore crave allowance briefly to notice the insinuation that the Irish coasts, with native connivance, could be made a base for the destruction of American shipping. An official statement asserts that: "An important feature in every plan was the establishment of submarine bases in Ireland to menace the shipping of all nations." On this it is enough to say that every creek, inlet, or estuary that indents our shores, and every harbor, mole, or jetty, is watchfully patrolled by British authority. Moreover, Irish vessels, with their cargoes, crews, and passengers, have suffered in this war proportionately to those of Britain.

Another State paper palliates the deportations by blazoning the descent of a solitary invader upon a remote island on April 12, heralded by mysterious warnings from the Admiralty to the Irish Command. No discussion is permitted of the tryst of this British soldier

with the local coastguards, of his speedy bent towards a police barracks, and his subsequent confidences with the London authorities.

Only one instance exists in history of a project to profane our coasts by making them a base to launch attacks on international shipping. That plot was framed, not by native wickedness but by an English Viceroy, and the proofs are piled up under his hand in British State papers. For huge bribes were proffered by Lord Falkland, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, to both the Royal Secretary and the Prince of Wales, to obtain consent for the use of Irish harbors to convenience Turkish and Algerine pirates in raiding sea-going commerce. The plot is old, but the plea of "increasing his Majesty's revenues" by which it was commended is everlasting. Nor will age lessen its significance for the citizens of that Republic which, amidst the tremors and greed of European diplomacy, extirpated the traffic of Algerine corsairs ninety years ago. British experts cherish Lord Falkland's fame as the sire of their most knightly cavalier, and in their eyes its lustre shines undimmed, though his Excellency, foiled of marine booty, enriched himself by seizing the lands of his untried prisoners in Dublin Castle.

Moving are other retrospects evoked by the present outbreak of malignity against our nation. The slanders of the hour recall those let loose to cloak previous deportations in days of panic less ignoble. Then it was the Primate of All Ireland, Archbishop Oliver Plunkett, who was dragged to London and arraigned for high treason. Poignant memories quicken at every incident, which accompanied his degradation before the Lord Chief Justice of England. A troop of witnesses was suborned to swear that his Grace "endeavored and compassed the King's death," sought to "levy war in Ireland and introduce a foreign power," and conspired "to take a view of all the several ports and places in Ireland where it would be convenient to land from France." An open trial, indeed, was not denied him, but with hasty rites he was branded a base and false traitor and doomed to be hanged, drawn and quartered at Tyburn. That desperate

felon, after prolonged investigation by the Holy See, has lately been declared a martyr worthy of universal veneration.

THE MEN OF 1776.

The fathers of the American Revolution were likewise pursued in turn by the venom of Governments. Could they have been snatched from their homes and haled to London, what fate would have befallen them? There your noblest patriots might also have perished amidst scenes of shame, and their effigies would now bedeck a British chamber of horrors. Nor would death itself have shielded their reputation from the hatchments of dishonor. For the greatest of Englishmen reviled even the sacred name of Joan of Arc, the stainless Maid of France, to belittle a fallen foe and spice a ribald stageplay.

It is hardly thirty years since every Irish leader was made the victim of a special statute of proscription, and was cited to answer vague charges before London judges. During 1888 and 1889 a malignant and unprecedented inquisition was maintained to vilify them, backed by all the resources of British power. No war was then raged to breed alarms, yet no weapon that perjury or forgery could fashion was left unemployed to destroy the characters of more than eighty National representatives—some of whom survive to join in this address. That plot came to an end amidst the confusion of their persecutors, but fresh accusations may as easily be contrived and buttressed by the enginery of State.

In every generation the Irish nation is challenged to plead to a new indictment, and to the present summons answer is made before no narrow forum but to the tribunal of the world. So answering, we commit our cause, as did America, to "the virtuous and humane," and also more humbly to the Providence of God. Well assured are we that you, Mr. President, whose exhortations have inspired the small nations of the world with fortitude to defend to the last their liberties against oppressors, will not be found among those who would condemn Ireland for a determination, which is irrevocable, to continue steadfastly in the course mapped out for her, no matter

what the odds, by an unexampled unity of national judgment and national right.

Given at the Mansion House, Dublin, this 11th day of June, 1918.

LAURENCE O'NEILL,
Lord Mayor of Dublin,

Chairman of a Conference of representative Irishmen
whose names stand hereunder:

JOSEPH DEVLIN,
JOHN DILLON,
MICHAEL EGAN,
THOMAS JOHNSON,
WILLIAM O'BRIEN (Lab.),
T. M. HEALY,
WILLIAM O'BRIEN,

THOMAS KELLY,
JOHN MACNEILL,

Acting in the place of E. DE VALERA
and A. GRIFFITH, deported 18th May,
1918, to separate prisons in England,
without trial or accusation—communi-
cation with whom has been cut off.

Service and Sacrifice

JOSEPH N. DINAND, S. J.,

Sometime President of Holy Cross College,
Worcester, Mass.

*A Sermon Delivered at a Solemn Military Field Mass at
the Newport, R. I., Naval Training Station, June 9, 1918.*

THE present is an occasion which in my fondest dreams I had never imagined would fall to my lot, one nevertheless which I heartily welcome, for it affords me the opportunity of paying in some small measure at least, a debt I have long owed to the American Navy.

On Jan. 14, 1907, the island of Jamaica in the British West Indies was shaken to its foundations by one of the most violent earthquake shocks ever recorded on a seismograph. The earth rose and fell like the waves of the sea. Houses toppled over in crumpled ruins, men and women were buried or crushed beneath the falling walls. The fore-shore of the city of Kingston was strewn with destruction; and to add to the horror, fire broke out amid the ruins and the angry flames shot across the helpless city. Hither and thither ran men, women and children, in terror and grief, trying to find their lost ones, tearing away boards, stones and débris in a vain attempt to extricate those pinned under the wreckage. For three days there was a veritable reign of terror, as the earth quivered under returning shocks. Desolation, want and starvation stared us in the face.

One of the cables of communication was broken, the other was immediately commandeered for Government use. Misery and death met us on all sides. We were nearly driven to distraction, when suddenly two American cruisers steamed into the harbor of Kingston and amid the tears and shouts of joy of a grateful people, the American bluejackets landed and at once began the work of relief. The first nation to come to our help was America, and the tears of American Jesuit missionaries, shed at the sight of our boys and officers, told of the pride each one felt in being an American citizen. An

emergency hospital was opened on Jesuit property, and the surgeons of the fleet took charge, while the highways and byways were searched by parties of marines, who brought the maimed and the dying to this improvised relief station. Food was distributed, medical supplies were given, dangerous walls pulled down, the dead exhumed from the ruins and decently buried in a common grave. Every form of service and relief did these heroic officers and men render. The Admiral, the Chaplain, the surgeons, the men, won the undying gratitude of the people of the island and made us American priests prouder of our native land than ever before. In testimonial of our hearts' gratitude, there is in the archives of the Navy Department, at Washington, a document signed by the American Jesuits then in Jamaica, testifying to the heroism of the American Navy. What that spirit of heroism and humanity was then, it is today, and the same it must ever be, for it springs from the very soul of the American Navy. For the Navy is not the wooden, steel or concrete hulls that cover the seas, the Navy is not the submarine or the super-dreadnought. The Navy is the man-power, in the hold, on the deck, on the bridge. Tell me of the character of that man-power and I will tell you of the character of that nation's Navy.

An American Admiral was once presented with a beautiful sword and scabbard by an admiring people for his bravery in the Spanish-American War. A suitable inscription had been prepared and embossed upon the scabbard. As he received it, he said he would like to have had one thing changed, the inscription should be on the blade rather than on the scabbard, for in battle we throw away the scabbard, but the sword, never!

The scabbard of life is the body. That body is of the earth, it may drop down in the fight, it is discarded in the supreme moment of conflict. But the sword is the soul of man, which never surrenders, never dies. When God's fingers traced the inscription at the casting of man's creation, He embossed it not on the scabbard, the body, but upon the sword, the soul. The sword is truth, the sword is courage, the sword is character. The scabbard is time, the sword, eternity! Vain and useless the etch-

ing upon the scabbard, lasting and glorious the etching upon the sword. Yet how many a career has been spent in polishing only the scabbard of life, while the sword is allowed to rust, and fail in the hour of need.

The soul! Take from the hands of Justice, the scales. In one pan of the balance, set all that the world can offer, delve into the mines for gold, silver and precious stones, place them there! Reach out to the ends of the earth, to the islands of the sea for all their treasures, set them there! Reach up to heaven for the glory of the stars, the brightness of the sun, the glory of the moon, place them there! And in the other pan of the balance place the soul of the most destitute child in our city's streets, but a soul sanctified in grace, and weigh them! The side you thought the heavier will fly to heaven in uneven balance and the scales will clatter to your feet as if to mock you. You have been trying to weigh temporal with eternal, death with life. "What exchange shall a man give for his soul?" What doth it profit a man to gain the whole world and to lose his own soul? To keep the scabbard and throw away the sword?

When was the soul of man, when was the soul of America, so tried as today? The unreal, the sham and the hypocritical in life have gone with the awakening of this nation's soul. Prejudices nurtured as a part of our very selves have been hurried out of sight. Only the realities of life count today, and for these the nation, for these our soldiers and our sailors are hungering. Creeds have been winnowed on the threshing-floor of the world today, and the flail of war has separated the chaff from the wheat.

The mind demands truth. Only the reality of truth can satisfy it. To be enlightened, to be completely satisfied, to be given the answer to that eternal "why?" in life, that is what the mind is demanding today. Truth must come to the mind with the brightness of day, it must come to the mind with the authority of God. Truth that teaches us the mysteries of life, where lies the right, where the wrong, that lightens up the darkness of death, that enunciates the dogmas of faith, truth that can never change, whatever be the tribe, the tongue or the cycle of

men! That truth must be the needle that points north, though the ship roll and toss in the trough of the sea. And north is God, unchangeable, eternal.

If the mind of the nation today is hungering for the realities of life, how much more so the soul of the nation, that kingly gift that makes man like to God. Shall then this soul gifted with heaven's choicest blessing, freedom, shall it be left to work out its own destiny, unaided, unguided and alone? Shall it know no saving, restraining power? Shall it know no strength in weakness, no comfort in sorrow, no joy in sadness?

The soul of the nation, where shall it find its real strength? Only in a real, dynamic religion, in a spiritual force that can reach the depths of the soul and satisfy its needs. My friends, do we not know of that sure strength of grace coming from a real Christ who says to the penitent soul: "I absolve thee from thy sins"? Do we not know of that sweet strength of grace coming from a real Christ who says to the wearied soul: "Come to me all you that labor and are heavily burdened and I will refresh you?" Do we not know of that strength of grace coming from a real Christ who says to the hungry soul: "This is my body, this my blood?" Do we not know of that abiding strength of grace coming from a real Christ who says: "Behold, I am with you all days, even unto the consummation of the world?"

Let the mind, let the soul of the nation, in arms, find today in the Catholic Church its real Christ, who alone can feed its mind and its soul, whose omnipotence can relieve its deepest needs, whose Providence carries the nations of the earth in the hollow of His Hand.

The supreme test in all our history is being made today in the minds and souls of our people. Never before have we been brought face to face with such a crisis in our national life, and never has the nation stood in need of clearer vision and stronger courage than in this hour. Today the very flower of our American manhood, our bravest, our best are leaving home, the workshop, the school, the college, the university, in answer to the call of the country. Every cantonment, every navy-yard is a crucible of sacrifice. As I visited Newport and Charles-

town, Camp Bartlett and Camp Devens, and saw the "fusing process" in action, the overwhelming, crushing thought that seemed to baffle me was, why this annihilation of the individual? For personal ambitions, past experience, individual talents, all, all were swallowed up in the military routine of the present.

At the call of duty every man had laid aside his tools, his pen, his books; life's bright hopes, dreams of future success, the affections of dear ones, the very center of his heart's love, home, were all given up as each boy contributed his best and his all to the crucible of sacrifice. This was the mystery of Bartlett and Devens, Newport and Charlestown to me, and what is the mystery of Bartlett and Devens is the mystery of Upton, Dix, Meade and every camp clear across to Lewis on the Pacific.

Is it not a crime against reason? Is it not madness of national pride to demand such sacrifice, to crush so utterly and seemingly annihilate the individual? Every man in that line is a living, breathing witness of sacrifice. Was it for this service-uniform and hat this college man exchanged his academic cap and gown? Was it for this service-rifle he exchanged the parchment of his degree? Was it for a commission in a camp that his Alma Mater gave of her life, her talents, her years of toil?

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Clearer than the light of the noonday sun comes the truth for the mind of the nation in arms, stronger even than death comes the courage for its soul that the authority behind all temporal sovereignty is from God. The

voice of the President of these United States echoes the voice of God. When he commands, God commands, and man, in obeying him, is obeying God.

When God laid the foundation of human society, He designed it according to plan. Men were to live as social beings. Hence, authority was an essential element in its creation. The power comes from Him, theirs it was to determine that form of government which best suited their needs. Hence there can be no authority, except from God. His power then vests with a sacrosanct dignity the authority of the Chief Executive of this nation. This is the Catholic Church's doctrine, which in every century and under every force of government upholds the hands of temporal authority, stands by the seat of power and says: "Thus far shalt thou go and no farther"; and faces the nations with this warning, "Be obedient unto your temporal lords as to Christ Himself."

Then, take away God and you rob me of my faith! Take away God and you rob me of my very allegiance to my native land. Take away their God from the hearts and minds of the children of America, and you are a traitor to America, for you have murdered their love of country, you have undermined the very foundations of the Republic. And I tell you with all the earnestness of my soul, backed by the history of nations, backed by the inspired word of Holy Writ, that a nation without God, without a living, breathing faith and confidence in an overruling Providence, a just arbiter of right and wrong, is tottering to its ruin. Let it be fair to look upon, let its ships cover the seas, let its cannon bristle from every height and fort, let its superdreadnoughts outnumber the States of the Union, it is in reality a nation that is dead, for its heart is gone silent.

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But tell me of my God and you tell me of my allegiance to my native land; tell this nation of its God and you may demand in His name the greatest sacrifices of which this nation is capable. Then you evoke the exercise of that purest of natural virtues, patriotism. Is patriotism of such stuff that the microscope will show it in a drop of your blood? Can it be held on the end of the surgeon's scalpel drawn from the gaping wounds on

Flanders' fields? Is this holy thing to be confounded with blind fanaticism, that untamed force, that senseless passion running wild? Is it mere idolatry of a cause or of a flag that stands for a country, where knees are bent to earth in serfdom? Is patriotism nothing else but passing sentiment evoked at the sight of white and red bars and a blue field set with stars?

Place upon your nation's capitol this grandest flag that floats on land or sea, fix it on the domes of your state-houses, unfurl it daily above the schools of your children! Unless you teach the people of this fair land the knowledge of their God, you are appealing to fanaticism and to idolatry, not to patriotism. Call it by any other name you choose, but I protest in the name of the thousand heroes in their graves, I protest in the name of the scarred and maimed bodies of the living, I protest in the name of God, you shall not call it patriotism. For patriotism, that undying love of country in weal or woe, that purest of natural virtues, that demands the greatest of human sacrifices, the laying down of life, is God-given and its source and origin, like that of all government, is from above. Without God, patriotism is an empty sound, a word without a meaning.

"Yes, hold fast to your God, and your country will be secure. For no man can be true to God and false to his native land. Upon this virtue we upbuild the greatness of our country. Its value is above gold and precious stones, above commerce and industry, above forts and warships. The vital spark of the nation's honor is patriotism, and the living fount of the nation's prosperity is patriotism, the strong shield of the nation's safety is patriotism. America is the most stupendous experiment the world has ever known, this republican form of a government of the people, by the people and for the people, and on its success or failure hangs the fate of liberty. America does not stand alone; bound up in her she carries the hopes of a waiting, anxious world. Her failure is the world's failure, irreparable; her triumphs are the world's triumphs, unending!"

Today a flag, hitherto unknown, is seen in every city's streets, in every village and hamlet, from one end of our

land to the other. You will find it hanging down from the portal of many a peaceful little roof-tree, dearest spot on earth to someone's heart, home! You will see it set in many a window. You will notice it here and there in the palaces of the rich; you will meet it everywhere in the homes of the poor. 'Tis a strange emblem! Its field is of red; its center is crossed with a broad bar of white; it is dotted with dark blue spots in the shape of stars. "America, tell us, tell us what does it mean!" "Is the red for anarchy?" "Is the white for truce, defeat?" "Is the dark blue for death?" "Speak, America!" "Whence came this new-flung banner? What does it mean?" "Red is for blood, the crimson tide of each patriot's life! White is for purity, the lily innocence of each patriot's love! Blue is for constancy, the steadfast fidelity of each patriot's duty! Stars are for hope, the unspoken language of tender human hearts, that the boys will some day come home! 'Tis the 'service flag,' the flag of sacrifice, telling the world in silent, yet eloquent, speech that America and the cause of human liberty shall not perish from the earth forever."

Fling out your service flags with their stars, telling this nation and the world of the heroism, the sacrifice, the patriotism of our native land. Is not each a banner to be proud of, an emblem to remind you that the Catholic people of America have more than done their duty to the country's cause? A noble company, these boys, who have gone forth to do their duty. May she, the Immaculate Queen of Heaven, the chosen protectress of our nation, may she defend them! Wherever they may be, in silent camp, in dark transport out at sea, in war-rent village in France, or in the bloodstained trench, Mary, keep them safe from harm!

As the days pass on and the struggle continues across the sea, other stars shall be added to the galaxy, as other boys shall answer: "Here," to the call. It may be that golden stars shall appear in this firmament, to enshrine the memory of those who have made the supreme sacrifice and have laid down their lives on the battlefields of France, that through their death America and the cause of human liberty might live. Treasure up that remem-

brance, it is a sacred deposit that shall be to all future generations an undying proof of a Catholic soldier's loyalty!

Here, close to the altars of our God, we shall keep our service flags, symbols of our sacrifice, bearing in their stars the hopes, the tears, the prayers of this our nation. Here we shall keep them, under the patronage of the Immaculate Queen of Heaven, that her eyes may ever be upon her sons and her outstretched hands may shield and protect them. Here we shall keep them, close to the presence of our tabernacled God, the God of armies, that in the early watches of the day, and in the silent watches of the night, His Hands may direct and guide these stars in their destined course, His strength abide with them, His love be the light with which and for which they shine.

That this nation may be preserved one and inseparable, that her sacred liberties and her institutions may be safeguarded and perpetuated, that the democracy, that is to come upon the world, may recognize God as the author of its being and that His law may direct the counsels of men, capital and labor, rich and poor, in the ways of peace, prosperity and happiness, we dedicate, we consecrate in these service flags, our Army and our Navy, our man-power and our all, forever.

